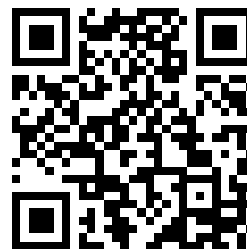

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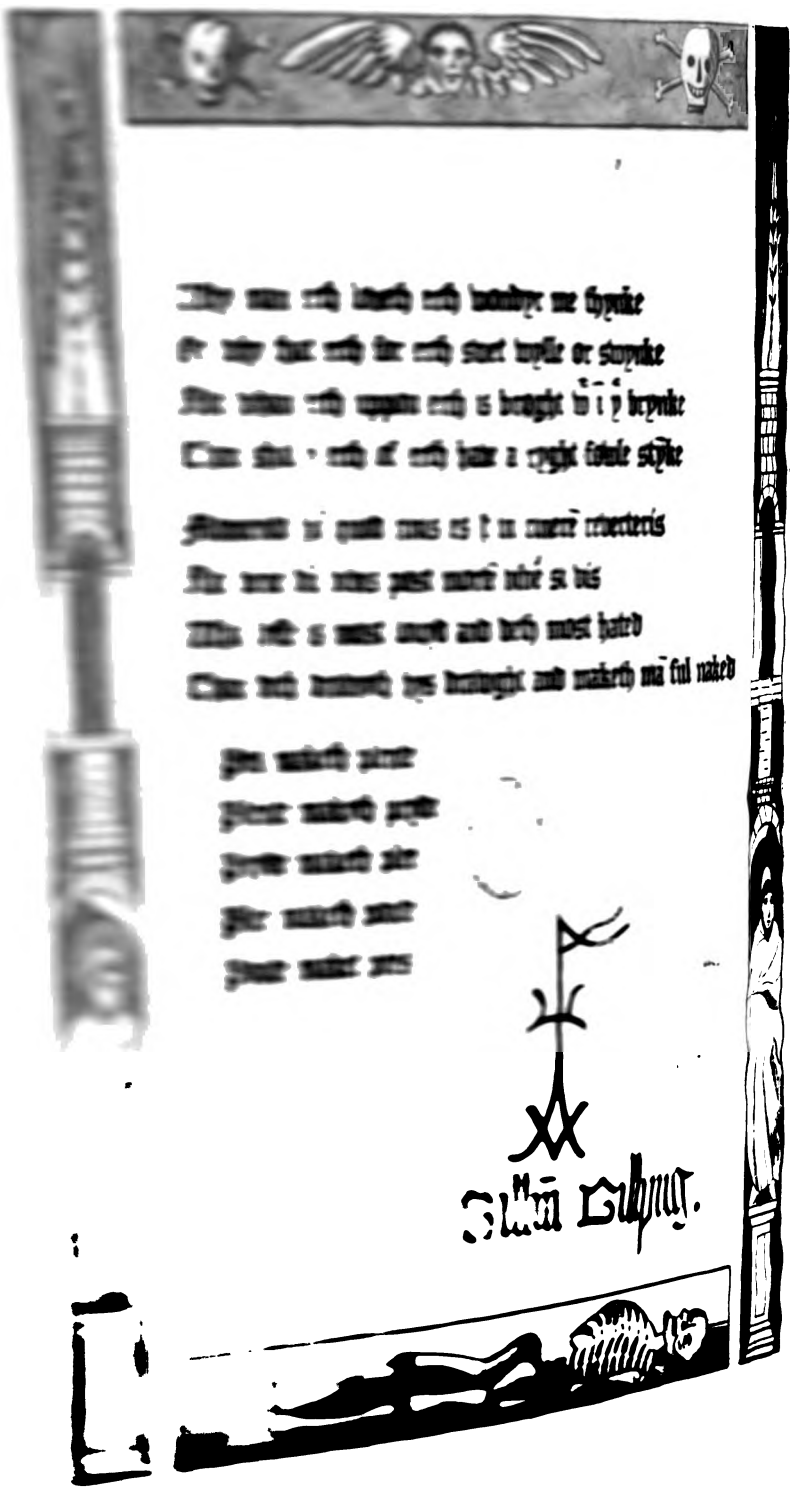




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Bt from Howes Bookshop, Hailuopu. (cat 133/492)

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This book was a present to me
from Mr. William Yates. -

Nov. 1814.

Ed Wray.

This Book I now give
to my nephew Charles Wray.
Harriet Wray

April 21st
1901.

Now given to Mr. Neville in
memory of Charles Wray
18 March 1945

133



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The Five Wounds OF CHRIST.

A Poem.

From an Ancient Parchment Roll.

BY

WILLIAM BYLLING.

MANCHESTER:

Printed by R. and W. Dean.

MDCCLXXII.





THE following Theological Poem, with Fac-similes, is printed from a finely written and illuminated parchment roll, in perfect preservation, about two yards and three quarters in length: it is without date, but by comparing it with other poetry, it appears to have been written early in the fifteenth century; the illuminations and ornaments with which it is decorated, correspond with those of missals written about the reign of Henry V.; the style may therefore fix its date between the years 1400 and 1430. The author gives his name and mark at the bottom of the roll,—William Bilyng, probably a monk. It is now in the possession of my friend, Mr. William Bates, of Manchester. From a communication, with the seven first lines of the Poem, soliciting some account of it or its author, made to the Gentleman's Magazine in March last, and which in several months has now met with no reply; together with it not having been noticed in any of our collections of early English Poetry; and on the whole it being doubtful whether it ever appeared in print before, have been the inducements to this small impression of no more than forty copies, printed entirely for private distribution. This limited mode of publication, has in some measure been influenced by the knowledge, that old Poetry of this description is neither sought after, nor read, with the avidity which that on other subjects is; and, that it can only serve as a link in the chain, measuring our progressive improvement in language and composition; still, however, affording to us an opportunity of giving an opinion on a specimen of truly venerable English Verse. It is not wanting in ideas, and those sometimes dignified; as,

“ Haple royalle reuer of our redemption
 Sormountynge alle other wote any pere.”

See the Poem.

William Bateman.

Darby, near Matlock.
 Aug. 1814.



The Fyve Wounds of CHRIST.


Cometh nere ye folkes femyt i dreynes
Wyth the drye dust of thys erthly galle
Resorte anone wyth alle your byspaes
To the V stremes flowen ober alle
Wyth pricus payment for us in generalle
Make no delay who lyst cu nere and drynke
And felle alle your hertys up unto the brynke

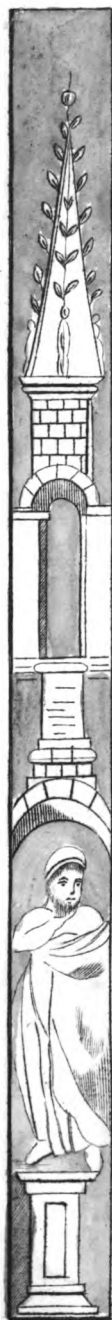
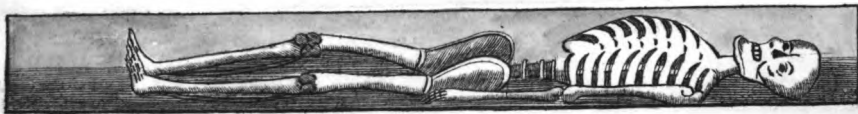




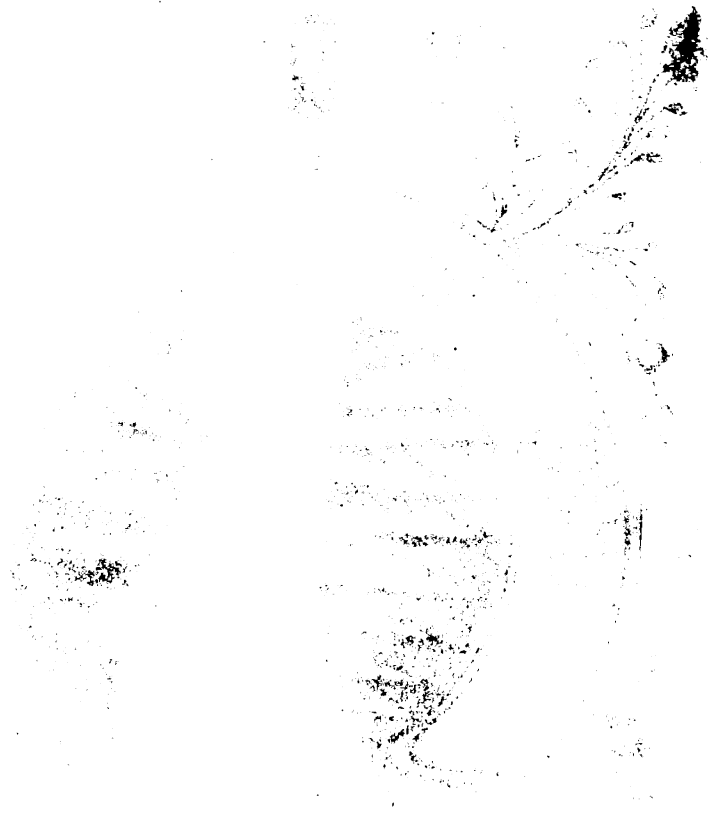


Hayle welle of mēy hyghest of reuēce
 In the ryght hande pced so reioyfully
 Lyke the rede rose roddy in apparence
 Most joyfull and plesaunte in memory
 So p̄fytē vtu no tonge may sperefy
 That sugre to the is nocht but bytt galle
 So dylcate thou art ī medecyns spualle

Wylth in thys welle so large and mēyabul
 Thorow bored so depe for alle my neglygēce
 Wasche me, goode lorde of thynges reprouable
 Now mercy I. h. S. for thy magnificence
 For in thy mēy is alle my confidence
 And prepynte tha wōde so depe wyn my brest
 Neū to slake tylle that my  doth brest











Wayle welles of pyte most dulce and delycate
Dynged in the ryght fote so pytefully
In odure most flagrant and most mellyfuate
Chefe refute and salue of alle our maledy
Thy skarlet floode dystyllyth habundantly
Most ioyouse in thought most helppng at o nede
Us to proferre in euþ goostly spede


A good lord for thyrst let me not dye
Syth of thys floode is so grete habundaunce
Dye my synfulle  therein whiche is so drye
Lorde that spyced lycor causeth a sowle to daunce
Sweet J. h. A. lorde for that pytefulle greuance
Have pyte on me for thy grebouse smert
Close me in that woude and newe ote to stert







Hayle welles and eddyte of euilastynge lyffe
 Thoro launced so ferre wyn my lordes syde
 The bodys owt trayplyng most aromatysed
 Hayle prius  wounded so large and wyde
 Hayle trusty treibour our ioy to provide
 Hayle porte of glorie to paynes alle embrued
 Ou alle I sprynglyde lyke purpul dew enbued

Hayle swettest soukate* to us most sanatyse
 O roseat ratonsome payd plentifully
 Hayle holosome tryacle most pseratyse
 Agayne pestilence epris reinginge myscheuously
 Praysyng and honoure be to the on hygh
 Hayle reddy rede wyne to alle thy grenouse swert
 Drain frō the pype of thy most lounge 

* A socket or pipe.





Blessyd ever he and eke sanctificate
That wythin the list make hys oratorpe
None erthly kyng shulde live so delcate
Ape sowkyng swytnes fro y distillatorpe
Most plesaunt bathes ben in that lauatorpe
Melodius myrthes he shulde her in largesse
Wyth other loyes feeles whiche I ne can expresse

Hayle royalle reuer of our redemption
Sormountynge alle other woote any pere
Best - - - - - thow payd oore pencion
O slyuer dew lyke the cristalle clere
Purely thow purged and boughtest it fulle dere
Hayle pcius lycoure not able to be bought
Hayle excellent riches and alle y may be thought





© truest tabernacle of alle the totorps
Comlyest closet encensed alle wyth spyes
Most plesaunte pabyse most ryalle i honoure
Rychest recyte of joy and dulce delcūs
© swettyst honycome aftur our deuices
Emborde in the syde of the gentylman
I the salute as humbly as I canne

© souayne Ihesu o very gentylman
Most lyberalle lorde redemer of our kynde
I the require as humbly as I can
Thes V bloddy welles graue in my mynde
That in wele and welth I joy i hem may fynde
And to my synns lorde do remission
Now I pray for thy bloddy syde graunt my petycō



Worship with us with the multitude
And praise the Lord who made you comfort
And praise the Lord who made you comfort
And praise the Lord who made you comfort
And praise the Lord who made you comfort
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of the most famous of all the things
which have ever happened in the world
the most famous of all the things
which have ever happened in the world
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which have ever happened in the world
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which have ever happened in the world
the most famous of all the things
which have ever happened in the world







Hayle welle of grace most p̄pouse in honoure
 In the kynges left hande set of ierusalem
 Swettur thanne batome is thy swete lycore
 Whiche in largesse to us doth owtostreme
 So p̄ciūs a flode is in no kynges reāme
 Of p̄fytte grace thow art restoratyfe
 And in alle v̄tu most p̄seruatyfe

My graciūs lorde I cry w^t humble hert
 Let it not slyde ote of thy remēbrans
 That for my loue y^e sufferde alle that smert
 An ardent loue and cōpassyfe greuance
 Whiche to me in euery pturbaince
 Is ch̄yef refute when theron I may thynke
 Now Jhu graunt that I therof map drynke

;









Hayle welle of

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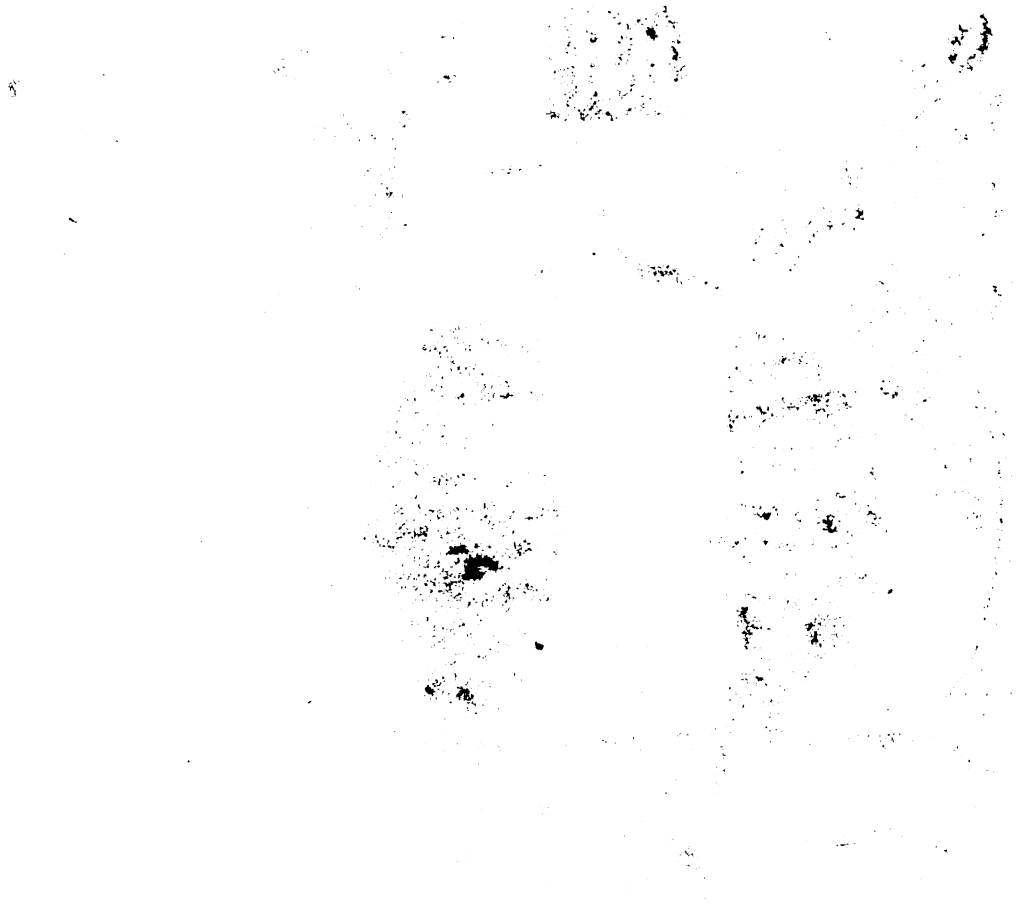
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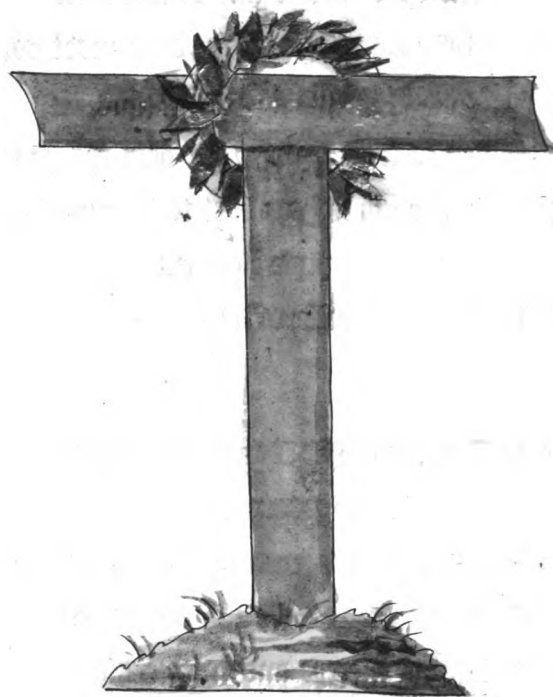




Hayle welle of comforte and consolation
Fro the lyfte fote hoplyng of oure most souayne
O closet most joyfulle and habitation
To soles in trouble purgynge hem fro payne
When of her sores hem lyst to be compleyne
O very rescepte of ptyte holynes
And in dyspeyre welle of alle blessydnes

My soueyn lorde Jhu most comfortable
Resceue to the my poore petition
And wher as I of synue am most culpable
Comforte me Jhu wyth thy remyssion
By the louyng merce and intercession
Of thys bloody strene therof take no dysdane
Now Jhu graunte it for thy greuous payne







At hygh none whan the belle dothe tulle
In mynde of crystys byttur passyon
Say thou a prur lowde or styлле
And in hym have thy contemplacyon
If thow labur sytte goe or stande
For that tyme make pausacyon
Thys lesson thow not forgete
A mene it is to thy saluacyon
If a clerke thow be talote
Mound that seson be deuotion
Thys use in manus forgete it natote
But put thy soule in hys possession
That tyme on crosse w' woudys bledyng
For the he made fulle redemption
Remember thys and merry sekynge
Lyue to hym eu in cōclusion
Jhu for thy holy name and thy byttur passion
Saue me fro synne and shame and eals thyng dacyon*

* Eals thyng dacyon; i. e. Any thing that may happen.





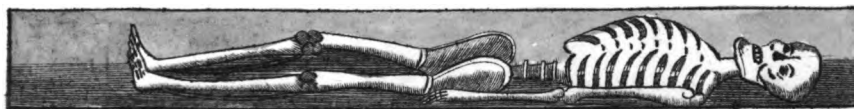
My attention has been directed to
the fact that the English authorities
have not been able to find any evidence
of a connection between the
persons named in the report and
the persons named in the report.

It is a pity that the English
authorities have not been able to
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At hygh none whan the belle dothe tylle
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And in hym habe thy contemplarpon
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Erth oote of erth is wondryly wrought
For erth hath geten of erth a nobul thyng of noght
Erthe uppon erthe hath set alle hys thought
How erthe uppon erthe may be hygh brought

Erthe uppon erthe yet wolde be a kynge
But how erth shall to erth thynketh he nothyng
But when erth byddyth erth his dute hom bring
Than shall erth fro erth have a petrus parting

Erth wynneth uppon erth both castellys and towtis
Than sayth erth unto erth this is alle owtis
But whan erth uppon erth hath byllyd all his botrys
Thanne shalle erth for erth suffer sharpe shoures

Erth byddyth uppon erth as molde uppō molde
And erth goth uppō erth glyttryng alle gold
Lyke as erth unto erth neuer goe sholde
Ann justly thā shalle erth go to erth rather pā he wolde

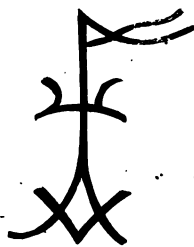




Why man erth loveth erth wondyr me thynke
 Or why that erth for erth swete wyll or stowne
 For whan erth uppon erth is brought in i þe bryne
 Than shal þe erth of erth have a ryght fowle styke

Memento hō quod cinis es & in cinerē reverteris
 Fac bene dū vīvis post mortē vīvā sī vīs
 Whā lyffe is most loupd and deth most hated
 Than deth drawyth hys drawght and maketh mā ful naked

Pys maketh plente
 Plente makyth pryde
 Pryde maketh plee
 Plee maketh poute
 Poute maket pees



William Bilyng.



